

THE LADY'S PEARL.

M A Y, 1843.

Original.

M A Y.

BY HENRY B. TAPPAN.

I.

I LOVE the gentle voice of Spring,
In the merry month of May;
And the joyous song of birds, that sing
Blithely, the livelong day.
When fields a new-born glory wear,
And shed sweet fragrance on the air.

II.

I love its tone; most strangely sweet;
I love no other, so;
And kindly, doth it ever greet
My ear, where'er I go.
A song of glorious liberty,
To that wild and untaught melody!

III.

I love its birds upon the wing
Each sunny Summer's day;
I love their music, when they sing
To chase dull thought away.
Grateful, they render in their lays
Sweet tribute, to their God, of praise.

IV.

I love its flowers, because they bring
A pleasant thought to me,
Of Him, who on each lowly thing,
Looketh so tenderly.
And colors glowing rich and rare,
His skilful hand hath pencilled there.

V.

I love its woods, away to roam,
With the deer, as fleet and free;
To tread the paths of my forest home,
In boyhood's liberty!
To seek for birds in spreading trees,
And follow the chase of singing bees.

Boston, 1843.

VI.

I love them well; for there I've strayed
To the spot I loved the best,
When green leaves gave a pleasant shade,
And birds sang me to rest.
I have no thought of sadness, when
I sit me down and feel as then.

VII.

I love its streams; they seem to tell
A joyous tale to me,
How they broke away from their icy cell
In their longing to be free.
I smile as they press so gaily along,
With a thrill, and a leap, and ripple and song!

VIII.

I love its skies; ('t is not the hue
Of the Autumn time, I love,)
Methinks an emblem is its blue,
Of purity above.
And upward, I am wont to look,
When I would read my Maker's book.

IX.

I love its showers; a pleasant thing,
Is the cool and gentle rain,
When it cometh from the sky, to bring
Life to the flowers again.
And welcome, to the thirsty breast
Of earth, when it lieth there to rest.

X.

So do I love the voice of Spring
In the merry month of May;
And thus it is, that I would sing
To thee,—my youthful lay.
Go forth! live with these living things abroad,
And you will thus, have better thoughts of God.

Original.

JULIEN ST. EVA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY MRS. M. O. STEVENS.

JULIEN ST. EVA had just finished his medical studies. Fortune smiled upon him, and his heart was buoyant with youth and hope. The companions of his studies were mostly young men of dissolute morals, who openly avowed their disbelief in religion. St. Eva became imbued with their opinions, and soon plunged deeper than any of them into the dark abyss of skepticism. He flattered himself that he had acquired a wonderful control over his own passions, and an immense superiority over the rest of mankind.

Every thing relating to ordinary life was uninteresting to St. Eva. He did not wish to resemble any person, and boasted of his indifference to every thing which engages the attention of others. He delighted in those scenes which excite, amaze and terrify, for he wished to accustom his mind to great emotions.

St. Eva became the most absurd of his absurd brotherhood—their chief. The ornaments of his chamber showed the progress he had made in their gloomy principles. Among the bones, odd limbs, Death's heads and trophies from various dead bodies with which his walls were adorned, was the skull of his dearest friend(?) whom he had lately killed in a duel, at the termination of a masked ball, where they had quarrelled. Near this was one of a young girl, whom he had loved. No: St. Eva was incapable of loving; perhaps he imagined himself in love with her, before he became so much elevated above the sentiments common to humanity.

She was a young, beautiful and virtuous orphan. She had been piously educated, but no deep sentiments of religion had penetrated her heart. St. Eva was too wily to avow his dark infidelity to her pure ears. He whispered his sophisms mingled with declarations of his affection, and when conscious that she loved him with woman's first fond love, he more openly, but still with exceeding caution, endeavored to guide her in the sunless track which he was pursuing. She loved him with the blind confidence of a fresh and innocent heart. How could her loving eyes detect his faults though they were as "huge as high Olympus"? "He loves me," she reasoned—"he has sworn it—he will render me happy. I love him—oh! how fervently! Why should I refuse to sweeten his existence? Why not share his joys and sorrows with him?—divided one will be more sweet, the other less bitter." The time was accordingly fixed for their marriage.

One evening, as she sat with her hand clasped in his, listening to

"Those honeyed words
Which women love to hear,"

she suddenly and earnestly said to him, "Will you *always* love me, St. Eva?" His kisses and his fervent words seemed to satisfy her, but she continued, "Oh, if you should cease to love me, how frightful would life become to me! I shudder at the dark thoughts, which rise in my heart at the possibility—I seem to see death for myself, and remorse for you. But oh! *mon ami*, you will *always* love me—you have sworn it." She looked earnestly in his eyes, as if to read her destiny in them, and added, "God forgive me, if I deceive myself."

She did deceive herself. Time rolled on, and St. Eva found various pretexts for

postponing their union. He loved her no longer. How can an atheist love? Doubting every thing, believing nothing, not even the love of woman, his whole faith is summed up in the single word *self-love*. St. Eva forgot his promises and his oaths. He became cold to the caresses of her whom he had deceived—indifferent to her tenderness. He deserted the beautiful and confiding Sophie—he forgot her, in the revelry and dissipation which now filled up his hours. He forgot her earnest words when she told him, if he ever ceased to love her, her heart whispered dark thoughts of death to herself and remorse for him. He forgot every thing but himself.

What became of the broken-hearted orphan? Deserted by him who had pledged his heart to her with the most solemn oaths—friendless in the world—destitute of any hope in God, and ignorant of the consolations of religion—is it a wonder that she became sick of the life he had rendered so wretched?

She went out one evening, after having written a touching letter, to the unfaithful being, who had trampled on her young affections, to accomplish the fate, which her heart had whispered should be hers, on the happy evening to which we have referred. She called suicide to her aid, but it came not. As she leaned over the parapet in utter despair, obedient to the destiny in which St. Eva had taught her to believe, the thought of that God from whom she had so long wandered, came back to her heart. Beneath the waters which flowed before her, she seemed to see an abyss—and to her ear the waves murmured *Eternity*. She raised her eyes in thankfulness to God who had preserved her from self-destruction, and prayed that she might devote the brief remnant of life which remained to her, to repentance and to a preparation to meet death, whenever it should come to end her earthly miseries.

The grim messenger soon came, but he found a welcome on her pale lips. Though her wasted form reposed on the low bed of poverty, the consolations of religion were around her.

In the hour of her last agony, a man entered her humble apartment; a faint color flushed her pale face, and she closed her eyes, as if to shut out all remembrance from her heart. It was the hard-hearted St. Eva. He witnessed the last breathings of expiring nature, and closed her dying eyes, which even in their glaring agonies seemed to reproach him with his faithlessness. When he saw her dead form before him, some remembrance of the past came back to him. He recalled her devoted affection—her confidingness—her helpless orphan state. An infernal inspiration seemed to come over him, and he resolved to show a respect to her memory becoming his atheistical principles; he determined, that the dead body before him should occupy the place to which it had been destined when beautiful with life. "Thou shalt still be mine, Sophie," said he. A few hours after its interment, he carried away the dead body, and dissected it.

One night, wearied with his revellings, he threw himself on the floor of his chamber and was soon asleep. A strange noise awoke him, and the blood in his veins seemed congealed with terror at the sight which met his gaze. A human skull—the skull of Sophie passed and repassed before him—sometimes stopping—apparently revolving as it moved, and suddenly with a leap placing itself before him. It was not a dream—there was the rolling skull dragging behind it the long blonde hair which St. Eva had fastened upon it so carefully. It is true St. Eva did not believe in the existence of spirits, and regarded fear as a ridiculous superstition; but, pale and trembling, he followed this strange apparition with his eyes, unable to speak or move. Desperation, at last, lent him energy, and summoning all his boasted philosophy, he seized the hair which waved in the dust, exclaiming in imploring accents, "Forgive me, Sophie, forgive me!" The hair had no longer the soft flexibility which used to delight him, when Sophie would playfully wave it before her face, to avoid the kisses he lavished

upon her. It was cold and wiry, and a bound from the skull dragged it from his fingers. "There is something supernatural about it," said St. Eva, out of his senses with fright, and he rushed down the staircase, repeating, "Forgive me, dearest Sophie, forgive me!"

His fellow-lodgers were awakened by his frightened cries. They ran to him, but too terrified to explain, he continued to scream, "Forgive me, dearest Sophie, forgive me!" They opened his chamber—the skull was still rolling. An enormous rat had crawled into it.

Original.

W E E P N O T F O R M E.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

WEEP not for me, at evening's hour,
When gather'd 'round th' autumnal fire ;
When in the dew-bespangled bower,
Is heard no more the wild bird's lyre.

When on the light breeze murmuring 'round,
There comes in accents sad and drear ;
Expiring Summer's mellowed tone,
Shed not for me one bitter tear.

Weep not for me, when flowers have fled,
And beauteous shrubs have leafless grown,
When from the altar of the dead,
Is heard the heart's mysterious moan.

When o'er the harp, Love's fingers sweep,
And strains as sweet as angels breathe

Sag Harbor, L. I.

Steal o'er the soul—then do not weep,
Nor let the cypress leaf enwreath
Thy pallid brow ; but bind the flower
I lov'd so well ; there let it bloom
In sweetness, through each coming hour,
And waft its perfume o'er my tomb,

That from above, as low I bend
To catch the incense rising high ;
Springing, where fondest memories blend,
And floating up the ethereal sky—

My ransom'd soul, more fully blest,
With holier, happier thoughts of thee,
Shall enter its eternal rest,
And joyful sing, Weep not for me.

MADAME DE STAEL.

AFTER the restoration, Madame de Staël returned to Paris, but soon again chose the repose of Coppet. She came once more to inhabit that dwelling which time had rendered pleasant, and with which were associated the image and the remembrance of her father. Crowds of foreigners thronged her house ; they came to enjoy happiness under her hospitable roof. I, too, have often resided under it, and the time I spent there was the happiest in my life. It was not merely that one found in it more knowledge and wit than might be met with elsewhere, but I was happy because that knowledge and that wit were never employed to diminish the pleasure of existence. Kind, good-natured gaiety were alike welcome there. The imagination was always occupied, and the soul experienced that happy feeling which inspires contempt for every thing base, and love for all that is noble.

Lord Byron was one day announced. It was natural that the most distinguished

female of our age should desire to know the celebrated poet. Madame de Staël was well acquainted with English, and could appreciate Lord Byron in his own tongue. He occupied a country house opposite to Coppet, on the other side of the Lake of Geneva. To come thither he crossed that lake, whose aspect inspired his muse with the *Prisoner of Chillon*.

Madame de Staël, now in a very ailing state, returned to Paris in the month of September, 1816. It was there that this brilliant meteor ceased to shed her life-giving rays on every society. As her soul surpassed her physical strength, she enjoyed till her last moment, that world she loved so well, and which will so long regret her.

I had quitted her in the Spring to go into Italy, having no idea that we should lose her so soon. There was in her so much of the spirit of life, that half a century seemed insufficient to consume it. To the last, her house was the centre of union for every thing distinguished in Paris. She knew how to draw out the wit of every one, and those who had little might offer that little without fear, as she never despised it, provided it was natural. Her soul gave and received all impressions. In the midst of two hundred persons she was in communication with all, and would successively animate twenty different groups. The ascendancy of her presence put folly to silence. The wicked and the foolish alike concealed themselves before her.

I returned from Italy somewhat uneasy at the news we had there received of Madame de Staël, but without being much alarmed. I approached Coppet in sadness, for I knew she no longer dwelt in it. Arriving on the 28th of July, I stopped before entering the village in order to look for a moment into that park where I had so often roamed. I approached those courts which I believed to be deserted, but found them on the contrary, crowded with people. They were come, they said, to assist at the obsequies of Madame de Staël.

I entered by the door of the vestibule, which was open. I passed in front of that theatre in which I had been ten years before. The curtain was down, but that day of emotion, of success and of life, rushed involuntarily upon my recollection.

I saw the coffin descend, borne by the principal inhabitants of the village; for these old men would not yield up the privilege of carrying her mortal remains to that tomb where her father's reposed. Theirs was no desire to pay homage to her renown, (for of what importance was that to them?) but to her, who had ever been forward to do them kind offices, and who was an object of their love on account of her worth.

Her children, her relations, her friends, followed the procession. Her coffin was placed at the foot of that where her father lies, in a monument which he had erected, that he might be united in the same tomb with her he had so loved. This narrow dwelling contains the mortal remains of those friends whom so strong an affection and so sacred a tie had linked together. They have again met in heaven, but nothing can replace them on earth.—*Sargent's Magazine*.

READING ALOUD.—One of the accomplishments which we wish to see cultivated among females, and which is greatly neglected or wholly overlooked, is the art of reading aloud. It is a most healthy exercise when used discreetly, since exercise is as advantageous to the lungs as to all other parts of the human frame. The ability to read aloud agreeably is also a truly domestic acquirement; it will be another link in the chain which binds men to their hearths; it will amuse the young, cheer the old, and instruct the ignorant.—*Journal of Education*.

Original.

THE JEWESS.

BY REV. D. WISE.

Concluded from page 73.

SEVERAL weeks had passed away, and no material change had taken place in the family of the Rabbi. Rebecca was the same beautiful, affectionate daughter as before, save that occasionally a fitful cloud passed over her expressive face, as she meditated on the effect which the announcement of her new profession would have on the trembling frame of that venerable, doating old man, her father. Yet she felt it to be her duty to inform him that she loved the Nazarene.

The day was sultry, and Rebecca and her father sought the cooler atmosphere of the verandah which surrounded the court of their princely dwelling. Heaps of cushions formed their seats. The old man appeared more than ever affectionate, and the daughter never looked so lovely, as her eyes flashed the calm, holy intrepidity of her soul within, moved by holy purposes of devotion to her Savior and God. Still she felt somewhat embarrassed and fluttered as she approached the subject, fraught, as she knew, with great consequences both to herself and father. How great those consequences were, she knew not: but her mind was nerved for any sacrifice.

“Father,” said she, at length, after several topics of conversation had been exhausted, “when do our people expect the long-promised Messiah?”

“Very soon, my child, the King of Zion, the Son of David will set up his throne on the hills of Judea, and Israel will dwell in the pleasant land again;” replied the Jew, his countenance lighting up as he spoke with the animation of enkindling hope.

“But, father, have not our people been expecting this great event for more than eighteen hundred years? Was it not universally believed that the time of the Messiah was at the end of the seventy weeks spoken of in the prophet Daniel?”

“Ah, my child, it were better for thee not to meddle with the mysteries of prophecy. True, the hope of Israel has been long deferred, but He will soon appear, and Zion shall rejoice.”

“But what, dear father,” and the fair Jewess trembled as she spoke, “if our people were guilty of rejecting their Messiah when they crucified the Lord Jesus Christ?—What if they deceived themselves, and it should at last turn out that the Nazarene so long despised and insulted by our race, was no other than the Star of Jacob, the son?”

She would have proceeded, but the passionate father, whose zeal for Judaism was stronger, if possible, than his affection for his child, broke out into a whirlwind of wrath. He stormed, raved and even cursed the frightened girl, and after exhausting himself, ordered her from his presence.

Aware that expostulation would be in vain, she retired to her apartment, and there on her knees before Jehovah sought divine aid to prepare her for the sore trials, she saw gathering over her devoted head. Sweet were the consolations of that hour of prayer. They fell upon her ruffled spirit like the bright sunlight upon the ocean after its hour of storm hath passed. Rising from her knees she felt prepared for whatever exigencies might arise.

The next day she sought another interview with her angered father. The old man was calm but stern. He received her approaches as he had never done before; the Jew had conquered the FATHER at the bare suspicion of defection in his child. Alas, fair Jewess, what wilt thou do when he spurns thee from his breast forever!

With one of those bewitching smiles which had always had the power to charm her father into admiration, the beautiful maid approached, and seating herself at his feet said, "Surely my father is not angry with his child, for asking a question which narrowly concerns the salvation of herself and people? Speak, dear father, and let the light of thy eyes gladden my heart again."

"If my daughter hath no faith in the Nazarene, she is welcome to her father's love," replied the old man sullenly.

"Would you, dear father, have your child do violence to the convictions of her higher reasons, which tells her that in rejecting the Nazarene, she rejects the true Messiah, and subjects herself to the wrath of the Highest? Stop, dearest father, and search the prophets, for they prove beyond all doubt that Jesus of Nazareth was the son of God and the Savior of men."

With the utmost effort at self-restraint, the incensed father had listened to these remarks, but now he started to his feet, and repelling her advances, fiercely cursed her, and ordered her to renounce the Nazarene, or leave his roof for ever! With this hard-hearted injunction he rushed from her presence with the air of a man who had just signed his own death warrant.

To Rebecca this was a hard mandate. Young, unacquainted, far from her native English home, among strangers and enemies, it was hard to be driven from the only protector she had on earth to buffet with unknown trials, perchance to meet with insults and wrongs, the very thought of which made her pure nature shrink with inward horror. By renouncing her newly adopted religion she might retain wealth, comfort, protection, and a father's love; by adhering to it, she had small prospect of aught but evil and perchance ruin. Alas, how many would have chosen the former; but she felt, and felt truly too, that it would be paying too dear a price for temporal felicities, to purchase them at the cost of eternal death. "Better," said she, as she rose from her knees, "to perish here than to perish eternally."

Gathering up her jewels the fair wanderer, alone and unattended, left her father's dwelling, and sought the residence of a friend; reaching the house she craved admission; but the story of her apostacy from the Jewish faith had already filled the ears of her friend, and converted her into an enemy. She was repulsed with scoffs and insults from the gateway.

With a heavy heart she sought the Joppa gate, resolved to leave the city, and if possible, reach Joppa, designing to return to her native home, where she knew the Christian public would receive her with open arms; but the road was lonely; the Arab robber invested the pathway, and how could a frail, helpless girl reach the port?

Fortunately, however, a small band of Pilgrims who had traversed the Mediterranean sea, and overcome all the dangers of a tedious pilgrimage from Europe, were leaving the city on their homeward way. The trembling girl made known her circumstances in a few words, and offering a portion of her jewelry if they would conduct her to Italy, she was received into the party.

The pilgrims intended to reach Ramla that night, for they were all well mounted on camels, and as the distance was not more than six hours ride from Jerusalem. Unfortunately an accident detained them for some time at the entrance of the passes that lead to the valley of Elah. Here, while the Jewish maiden gazed on the darkening hills where once stood the armies of Saul and the Philistines, and where the stripling shepherd slew the stalwart Goliah, she put up an earnest prayer that David's God would be her defence and shield.

The sun had set before the pilgrims moved forward again, and when they began to emerge from the valley, it was dark and cold. The wind with many a mournful sigh came rushing along the vale: the clouds were floating in black masses above the over-

hanging mountains, and the whole scene was invested with indescribable awe. Suddenly a flash illuminated the valley, a report which reverberated among the rocks like thunder, followed; then flash succeeded flash, and report followed report: loud shrieks mingled with the roar of fire arms, and told that death was busy in the vale. The caravan was being attacked by a fierce band of Arab freebooters. So sudden had the ambuscade fallen upon them, that no time was given for resistance; a few fled towards Jerusalem, but full half a score lay dead upon the soil—among them was Rebecca, the outcast daughter of the Jew. Where was her father in that fatal hour?

After his daughter, in obedience to his harsh command, had left his roof, all the father kindled anew in his heart; he thought of his daughter's untiring affection, her beauty, and his own desolation, until he cursed his folly in hastily driving her from his house; then in a wild phrensy of passion, he rent his garments, tore his hair, and filled the air with his cries. Presently he grew more cool, and went forth in quest of his child. What were his feelings when he learned she had left the city?

With the morning's dawn he followed on in the trail of the pilgrims to Jaffa. Alone and unprotected, regardless of danger, the old man rode madly over the uneven road. A few hours brought him to the scene of the last night's slaughter. He paused. His eye wandered over the victims and alighted on the fair form of his child half stripped, smeared with her own blood, and cold as the rocks above her. Pale as marble, the old man hurried to the spot; seating himself, he placed the inanimate head upon his knees, and impressed a thousand kisses on its marble cheeks. Then placing one hand upon his aching brow, his thin white locks waving in the wind, he sat motionless as a statue.

A passing traveller a few hours afterwards placed his hand upon the old man's shoulder, but still he moved not, for he was dead!

Thus did a wild unholy bigotry destroy the venerable root and the cherished blossom: it first converted the father into a fiend, and then left him as a man to bear the woes brought on himself in his frantic mood; and his nature sunk underneath the load. The child was more noble than the parent, and the Christianity that placed her where she suffered, supported her in her extremity. Reader, how beautiful is Christianity—how hateful is bigotry!

LAST ILLNESS OF MRS. HEMANS.

"For she was born beyond the stars to soar,
And kindling at the source of life adore."

FEW writers of the age, it is obvious, have imparted so much pleasure to persons of cultivated minds, poetic taste and sensibility, in every district of the land, as the late Mrs. Hemans; and in the productions of few female authors do we find more beautiful specimens of polished language, vigorous imagination, graceful, tender, and glowing thought. The versification of her poems, the imagery employed, the range of subject, and the vivid and impressive manner in which her principal compositions are penned, combine to render her one of the most captivating and influential writers of the British empire. How delightful, then, is it for the Christian to be able to cherish the hope that, during her last illness, she was brought effectually to the Savior; and that when she expired, she died calmly and happily in the Lord.

"—Soaring to the world of light, and fadeless joys above."

A few concise notes to exemplify the correctness of these observations, may prove interesting and beneficial to every enlightened believer in Jesus who peruses these pages, and may augment the gratification of those who often read her exquisite poems, "A Domestic Scene;" "The Graves of a Household;" "The Better Land;" "The Silent Multitude."

Shortly after her arrival in Ireland, where Mrs. Hemans died, she was extremely unwell. When among the mountain scenery of the fine country of Wicklow, during a storm she was struck by one beautiful effect on the hills; it was produced by a rainbow diving down into a gloomy mountain-pass, which it seemed really to flood with its colored glory. "I could not help thinking," she remarked, "that it was like our religion, piercing and carrying brightness into the depth of sorrow and of the tomb." All the rest of the scene around that one illuminated spot was wrapt in darkness.

During her last illness, Mrs. Hemans delighted in the study of sacred literature, and particularly in the writings of some of our old and choice divines. This became her predominant taste, and it is mentioned respecting her, that the diligent and earnest perusal of the Holy Scriptures was a well-spring of daily and increasing comfort. She now contemplated her afflictions in the right manner, and through the only true and reconciling medium, "and that relief from sorrow and suffering for which she had been apt to turn to the fictitious world of imagination, was now afforded her by calm and constant meditation on what alone can be called 'the things that are.'"

When the cholera was raging in Dublin, she wrote to a dear relative, "To me there is something extremely solemn, something which at once awes and calms the spirit, instead of agitating it, in the presence of this viewless danger, between which and ourselves we cannot but feel that the only barrier is the mercy of God. I never felt so penetrated by the sense of entire dependence upon Him, and though I adopt some necessary precautions on account of Charles, (her son,) my mind is in a state of entire serenity."

While the work of decay was going on surely and progressively, with regard to the earthly tabernacle, the bright flame within continued to burn with a steady and holy light, and at times even to flash forth with more than wonted brightness. On one occasion she finely expressed, when there was a favorable change in her condition, "Better far than these indications of recovery is the sweet religious peace which I feel gradually overshadowing me, with its dove-pinions, excluding all that would exclude thoughts of God."

This gifted lady wrote, with peculiar beauty, on another occasion, "I wish I could convey to you the deep feelings of repose and thankfulness with which I lay, on Friday evening, gazing from my sofa upon a sunset-sky of the richest suffusions, silvery green and amber kindling into the most glorious tints of the burning rose. I felt his holy beauty sinking through my inmost being with an influence drawing me nearer and nearer to God."

Her confidential attendant, a most interesting young female, devotedly attached to her mistress, expressed herself respecting her in the following delightful and impressive manner: "It may well be said this was not her rest. She ever seemed to me as a wanderer from her heavenly Father's mansion, who knew too much of that home to seek a resting-place here. She often said to me, 'I feel like a tired child, wearied and longing to mingle with the pure in heart.' At other times she would say, 'I feel as if I were sitting with Mary at the feet of my Redeemer, hearing the music of his voice, and learning of him to be meek and lowly;' and then she would say, 'O, Anna, do you not love your kind Savior? The plan of redemption was, indeed, a glorious one; humility was, indeed, the crowning work. I am like a quiet babe at his feet, and yet my spirit is full of his strength. When any body speaks of his love to

me, I feel as if they were too slow; my spirit can mount alone with Him into those blissful realms with far more rapidity."

The sufferings of Mrs. Hemans, prior to death, were most severe and agonizing; but all were borne in the most uncomplaining manner. Never was her mind overshadowed by gloom; never would she allow those around her to speak of her condition as one deserving of commiseration.

Her sister finally remarks, "The dark and silent chamber seemed illumined by light from above, and cheered with songs of angels, and she would say, that, in her intervals from pain, no poetry could express, nor imagination conceive, the visions of blessedness that flitted across her fancy, and made her waking hours more delightful than those even that were given to temporary repose."

At times her spirit would appear to be already half-etherealized. Her mind would seem to be fraught with deep, and holy, and incommunicable thoughts, and she would entreat to be left perfectly alone, in stillness and darkness, to commune with her own heart, and reflect on the mercies of her Savior. She continually spoke of the unutterable comfort which she derived from dwelling on the contemplation of the atonement, and stated that this alone was her rod and staff when all earthly supports were failing.

In the heaviest affliction, she desired the assurance to be given to one of her friends, that the tenderness and affectionateness of the Redeemer's character, which they had contemplated together, was a source, not merely of reliance, but of positive happiness to her:

"The sweetness of her couch."

"I feel," she would say, "as if hovering between heaven and earth;" and she seemed so raised towards the sky, that all worldly things were obscured and diminished to her view, while the ineffable glories of eternity dawned upon it more and more brightly.

When her spirit was nearly gone, she said to her darling Charles, and her faithful sister Anna, that she felt at peace within her bosom. Her calmness continued unbroken, till, at 9 o'clock on the evening of Saturday, May 16, 1835, her spirit passed away, without pain or the endurance of a struggle. The remains of this gifted lady were deposited in a vault beneath St. Anne's Church, in Dublin. A small tablet was placed above the spot where she lies, inscribed as follows:

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit rest thee now;
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust, to its narrow house beneath:
Soul, to its place on high:
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

London Evangelical Magazine.

EVIL COMMUNICATIONS.—Let not your children be the subjects of evil communicants. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." This is the testimony of God. If your domestics, your hands, your neighbor's children, or any other persons are suffered to communicate to them things which they ought not to know, they will be irrecoverably injured, and perhaps forever ruined.—*Rev. C. G. Finney.*

MARTHA'S MISTAKES.

THERE are two sorts of carefulness. One is sinful, and is reprobated by Jesus and the apostles—the other is not only innocent, but praiseworthy, and is recommended to our imitation. As to sinful carefulness, we have an example of it in Martha, the sister of Mary. By close attention, we shall be able to perceive why her devotion to domestic care was condemned.

1. She became unduly anxious. "Martha, thou art careful and *troubled*." She was perplexed about her arrangements for supper. Things did not go to her mind. Probably the meats did not cook well, or the sauces were unsavory, or the labors of housewifery became oppressive, or the supper was not ready in good time. One thing is certain—she was troubled. Jesus says, "Let not your heart be troubled." On another occasion he questions his disciples, "Why are ye troubled, and why do thoughts arise in your hearts?" Our duties should always be performed with calm and cheerful patience; and whenever our cares bring trouble, they are the occasion of sin. Nothing ought to trouble us but sin, nor indeed sin, for we ought not to commit it.

2. Anxiety provokes ill temper. It did in Martha. She was not, at the moment, in an amiable mood. Vexation at a few kitchen errors and misfortunes, made her a little vicious towards all around her. She loved her sister—at another time she would have gazed upon her with unmixed admiration, and would have addressed her in tones of soft and soothing love; but now, wrought upon by the fretting casualties of the occasion, she cannot even speak to her. She makes known her ill will by addressing a third person: "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone?" Irreverent woman! Her words were most bitter—her murmuring was at the Author of all her blessings—she reproved God.

3. Anxiety implies unbelief, the greatest of all sins. Mark this phrase—"Lord, dost thou not care?" How apt this language! When we use undue *care*, it argues our doubt of God's care. If we were satisfied that God cared for us, how could we be unduly anxious for ourselves? Every troubled heart cries, "Lord, dost not thou care?"—that is, thou dost not care. Such anxious frames leave God out of the question. He is, to be sure, or may be, a God, and such, probably, in words, we acknowledge him; but so far as our comforts are concerned, he is of no account. We feel much as the prophet suggested when he taunted the worshippers of Baal. Surely he is a God, but "he is gone a journey, or perchance he sleepeth." Thus Martha deemed herself forgotten, and sought to arouse Jesus by saying, "Dost thou not care?"

4. Anxiety causes us to murmur at God. She would not speak to Mary, but she must let out her spleen; and with the very worst grace directs it towards her Lord. That Jesus whom she adored was now, under the veil of her dark humor, uncomely and not revered. What a speech was hers to be addressed to the Savior of mankind!

5. Martha's carefulness was worldly. It was bestowed upon the body. It diverted her attention from the soul. Jesus was principally concerned for the latter. He was more anxious to impart to Martha the living bread, than he was to receive from her the bread which perisheth. She prevented him. He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. She reversed this order. She wished to be the minister, and was provoked that Mary did not join her in the ceremony.

Not to extend this train of thought, how many Marthas there are in the world! She was, as the world says, a good woman. Doubtless she loved home, and kept her house cleanly and in order. All her frugal neighbors admired her, and every good housewife emulated her virtues. And truly there was cause. It is no small praise

for any woman to be a keeper at home, a regulator of the family, a preserver, if not a provider of things that comfort these frail bodies, and make husbands cheerful, and their children happy. With all Martha's errors, she shall be preferred to the slattern who lolls till high noon among greasy pots and kettles, lullabies a babe as filthy as her dishcloths, and mistakes this moping indolence for the meekness of religion. Whatever is said of Martha, compared with such a woman she is an angel.

It is likely that Mary avoided both extremes. She was careful without anxiety, and diligent without worldliness. She did not neglect the Savior; yet she chose to sit at his feet and listen to his instructions, until weary with conversation, his silence should admonish her to go and prepare refreshments for his exhausted frame.

Let the reader be warned by Martha's errors. Learn especially that certain times and places bring temptation. The kitchen and its cares exert their influence. If you have help to dress the food and spread the table for your family, there will still be many calls for patience and forbearance. If your own hands perform these duties, be diligent but devotional. Let no cares trouble you—let no provocation irritate you—let no murmurs escape your lips; but with the meekness of religion stand in your humble lot. She who, like Mary, loves to sit at the feet of Jesus, has chosen that good part which can never be taken away from her.—*Ladies Repository.*

Original.

IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION TO WOMAN.

BY REV. LUTHER LEE.

FAIR reader, are you disposed to pass by this article without giving it an examination, while you look for one of a more novel and promising title? Let me invite your attention for a moment, while I say that as common as is my theme, it does not, like the love tale of fictitious beings that have no existence only in the dreams of fancy, lose its power to stir the heart and charm the spirit as it becomes familiar, but increases in interest as it becomes common. However highly wrought the tale of fiction may be—however rich the drapery hung around it—however glowing the colors from the pencil applied by the hand of fancy, an unchangeable law of the human soul declares that they must fade when brought frequently in contact with our mental vision, until the entire power to charm is lost, leaving the mind to wander in search of other fields of fancied delight. But with religion it is not so—the nearer and longer we contemplate the subject, the more do we see in it to admire; the more frequently we feel its soul-stirring power; the more readily are we roused and influenced by it. If this be true, you have only to lend your attention to the subject to have an interest created in the mind, if you feel none now; and you have only to continue that attention to become more and still more interested, until the objects and pleasures of the world shall lose the charm that fictitious life has thrown around them, and the sun-bright hills around which fancy now delights to career, shall be overlooked as the still brighter and ever-abiding objects of the spirit world are brought to view by religion, as faith apprehends its high and holy promises, and hope transcends the limits of this sterile world, and careers amid the high and beautiful plains of heaven, and the gushing fountains of the throne of God, in anticipation of the soul's arrival.

True religion, unaffected piety, is the brightest ornament of the female character. When I say religion, in this article, I mean the religion of Jesus Christ, involving the

pure sentiments and the faithful discharge of duty which he inculcated. To sustain my position, it is necessary to consider the adaptation of religion to the different circumstances and responsibilities incident to the earthly allotment of the better portion of human nature. We will then commence with the opening of life's ever-changing drama, and take a view of the young lady as she is gradually released from the restraints of maternal control, and more and more frequently passing beyond the reach of her watchful eye, who, of all others, feels the deepest interest in her welfare, winding her way into society, and forming her first attachments and associations in the world.

To know the value of religion under these circumstances, it is necessary to consider what peculiar wants distinguish them. There are at this period of life, two grand objects to be secured.

The first is, to be sufficiently guarded against the evils that threaten on every hand, so as not to be taken in the snares that are spread for the unwary, or polluted by the unhallowed influences which too frequently lurk amid the deceitful smiles and alluring fashions of the gay circle. And what will so effectually secure you against these evils as the pure and holy sentiments of the Gospel engraven upon the heart, and breathed out in the aspirations of ardent piety? Such a heart bids defiance to the assaults of corruption, insomuch that the most successful and daring destroyer would not even think of success until he should succeed in cutting away the bars of sound principles that guard the moral purity of the soul, and in dampening the ardor of piety in the heart, which, while it burns within, repels every touch and every attempted ingress of moral pollution. Where the pure principles and morality of the Gospel are really engraven upon the heart, and are made its ruling power, the destroyer darts the fires of his lustful eye in vain; they meet with no reciprocal glance; they kindle not in the bosom of his intended victim.

A second important object a young lady has to secure, in forming her first associations and attachments, as she enters upon the personal responsibilities of life, is, to make a favorable impression on the minds of the circle in which she is called to move. A misstep, an unfavorable impression once made, may not be easily removed—it may never be, but may wither and blight and ruin. This I say not of actual crime, but of mere suspicion of what has no foundation in fact. And what can better secure the young and innocent, though inexperienced and unwary, than true piety? If it be obvious that a young lady be really pious, it settles all other questions in relation to that essential genuine female character, which, when lost, leaves nothing to be admired. It is true the profession of piety does not always exempt from suspicion, but the reason is not that true piety is not always an undisputed proof of a pure soul, but because it has been found that the external signs of piety are too frequently hung out, when a look behind the curtain shows that the substance is not there. Where a doubt exists, the question is not, is piety a proof of purity? but, does true piety exist in the case?

I am aware that libertines pretend to despise female piety, and affect to despise those who pretend to be governed by the principles of religion; but they only outwardly condemn what they inwardly respect and reprove. There are two reasons why the dissolute pretend to despise religion: first, it is a perpetual reproof to their unholy lives; and, secondly, it interposes its restraints and influences in the way of their base gratifications. Until, by pretending to despise piety, they can succeed in making the intended victim of their brutal passions ashamed to plead its principles, she is beyond the reach of their foul designs. But while they pretend to despise religion, were they honestly to tell where the highest moral purity is to be found, and where the richest cluster of virtues bestud the human soul, they would point you to the female who reads, and loves to read the Scriptures, and pays her devotions at the holy altars of Christianity.

To be concluded.

From the (London) Keepsake.

THE PAINTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY N. MITCHELL, ESQ.

AMONG the most interesting struggles for national freedom that modern history records, may be named the revolt in the Low Countries against the tyrant and bigot, Philip II. of Spain; and which, after the formation of the memorable league of Utrecht, ended in the recognized independence of the United Provinces. The persecution of the Protestants in the Netherlands had commenced, and the atrocities committed by the bloody-minded Alva, Philip's favorite general, had already driven many towns to open rebellion: some of these defied the utmost exertions of the Spanish arms; but others were sacked, and every cruelty that religious fanaticism, as well as secular vengeance, could devise, was committed upon the inhabitants.

Harlem had been invested for nearly a year, and the patriotism of the stout burghers was only equalled by the sufferings they endured, arising from famine and disease. Within this city lived a painter, whose fate, with that of his devoted daughter, forms the subject of this sketch. Holbeck for some years had been unable to prosecute his art, for close attention had induced a complaint of the eye, and at last he was stricken with blindness. The protracted siege was drawing to a close, for the town was unable to hold out longer, when Holbeck, feeble and in sickness, lay stretched upon his pallet. He was in extreme poverty; and in a state of things when the gold of the wealthy failed to procure the necessities of life, it may be presumed that it fared but ill with the needy. In truth, the painter was starving; every thing that could be made available to satisfy the cravings of nature had been devoured, and now he had only to curse the enemies of his country, and die.

By his bed-side, watching his worn and withered features, a young girl was seated; her age might have been sixteen. She was one of those beauties whose characteristics are gentleness and delicacy; her locks, glossy and golden, streamed over her shoulders like a waterfall seen in the sunset; and her eyes had that peculiarly soft and melting light which bespeaks a heart all love and tenderness.

The exquisite beauty of that girl seemed but ill suited to the squalor, and the air of wretchedness which pervaded the place; yet there she watched the debilitated and stricken old man—for the blind painter of Harlem was her father.

Ah! how Holbeck doted on the only being who had not deserted him in the dim and desolate winter of his years! The enthusiasm, and the love which once burned in his heart for the creations of his fancy, were not transferred to that child. She was more worshipped than saint or Virgin—the bright bow spanning the cloud of his despair. He could not behold her loveliness now developing itself in womanhood, but he could hear her voice; and that voice murmured to him sweet as if it came from Paradise, summoning up thoughts of all pure, bright, and beautiful things."

"Paulina," said the painter faintly, "is it indeed true that the governor has capitulated—that the enemy has entered the city?"

"Yes, father; can you not hear their shouts?"

The sick man raised his head in the attitude of listening; his sightless orbs were directed to the spot where he knew his daughter was seated; the muscles of his face were convulsed, and the dew of terror stood upon his forehead.

"They come!" he cried; "I can hear flying steps, the shouts of savage soldiery, and the shrieks of women!"

"Father, do not fear; our habitation has too mean an appearance to tempt the cupidity of soldiers."

"I know not that; there are other treasures here more valuable—at least to me—than silver or gold. Haste thee, Paulina, and secure the door!"

The girl obeyed her parent's command, and passed a bar of iron across the low oaken door; yet this very precaution, and the appearance of strength which the dingy house exhibited, proved its worst safeguard, and was the means of bringing ruin upon its occupants.

"Thank thee, Paulina! and now I will pray to God for thy safety. It matters little what happens unto me; the sands of my life are nearly run, and if they kill me, I shall but go to my long home a little earlier than age and disease might have carried me;" and the old man clasped his hands, and seemed in fervent prayer.

The shouts of the Spanish soldiers sounded more near. Exasperated by the long defence which the city had made, they were determined on taking signal vengeance on the inhabitants. Men and women were now rushing up the obscure street in which Holbeck resided, with an intention, apparently, of sheltering themselves in their houses. Even alarm was visible now on the countenance of the fair girl, and she drew mechanically more closely to the bed of her sick parent.

"God protect thee, Paulina, but the Spaniards are in our street!" The words had scarcely dropped from the painter's lips, when a heavy blow, as from a hammer, or bludgeon, fell upon the door, and hoarse voices called for admittance. Holbeck started up in his bed, and the girl, with a shudder, turned her eyes to the entrance, at the same time cowering, as if by instinct, toward her blind and feeble protector.

"On, comrades, to the next house! Lopez and myself claim this. Aha! there is something good here, or we should not have all these bolts and bars—a miser, I warrant, with his money-bags. Mynheer! mynheer! open your smoky hatch, or we shall knock in your barricado!"

The blows were repeated, but the trembling inmates returned no answer. They trusted that the iron-bound door would resist the efforts of the assailants; yet the strength of the defence served only to excite the ardor and curiosity of the soldiers: in fact, they imagined that no one but a wealthy person would take such pains to fortify his private dwelling; consequently they hoped, despite external appearances, to find within a hoard of gold.

"Thou sneaking mole! thou crafty old fox! may St. Peter lock us for ever in purgatory, if we do not unearth thee!" A crash followed; the lower panels of the door were burst through, and the soldiers, with iron pikes in their hands, sprang into the house.

The Spaniards were ferocious-looking fellows, with inflamed eyes, and huge mustachios. They gazed for a minute steadfastly on the shrinking girl, and then at the emaciated invalid.

"Lopez!" exclaimed the elder of the troopers, "it is as I suspected. I thought he must be a rich old grub who would earth himself up in such a strong den: if we don't find a right round sum of gold florins here, I'm no soldier of good king Philip's."

"I opine the like, friend: miser is written in every line of that brown parchment face. Now then, mynheer! few words and speedy business. Inform us without delay where you keep your money-bags—d'ye hear?"

"Men!" exclaimed the venerable painter, "you mistake my circumstances. I am in great poverty."

"No doubt of it; but do not hope to deceive us: misers, like thee, for ever bewail their lack of this world's goods. Come, thou hadst best deliver up the florins, or the lawyers to-morrow will be accommodated with thy skin to engross deeds upon."

"No trifling, old man! thy money!" roared the elder trooper.

Paulina, on bended knees, and with lifted hands, beseeched the soldiers to believe the assertion of her destitute and blind father. "Pity him!" she cried; "he is ill, and by this cruel treatment ye will hasten his end. Have ye fathers living? or are ye yourselves fathers; then compassionate, have mercy upon mine!"

"Talk away, my pretty wench, for thou dost look charming in that posture. By the Virgin! Juan, I don't know but I will resign the florins to thee, and take for my share of the booty this plump and luscious little dame—ha! ha!"

"Do, my friend, and allow me to pocket the money. Now, mynheer, no more sulkiness, but discover thy hoard. Thou wont? then I perceive I must teach thee thy duty. How dost thou like that?"

The sick man groaned with pain, for the trooper had thrust his sharp pike into his arm. Oh! the anguish of the daughter, as she saw the blood gush from the wound! he whom it had been her care to screen from the very breath of heaven; whom she had tended and nursed so long and anxiously—to behold him thus wantonly put to torture—it awoke all the agony which her nature was capable of enduring. She sprang to his side; she hung with a bursting heart over the bleeding limb; yet, ever and anon, would she glance up at the savage soldiers with the flashing eyes of the tigress deprived of her young.

"Paulina!" whispered the old man, "regard not the wound; stay thou by me, child; for I consider my life as nothing compared with injury, with pollution to thee;" and he thrust his hand beneath his pillow, as if to clutch at something there.

"Well, comrade, I shall carry off my prize, and thou mayst remain here as long as thou dost choose, worming from the old heretic the secret of his money. Hark'ee, sweetheart, come with me! By the mass! but thou art the prettiest maid in all the Provinces."

The trooper advanced to seize Paulina, and by the shrinking movement of his child, the painter became aware of his purpose. Holbeck held her in his bleeding arms with the tenacity of love and despair, crying in piercing accents, "Take her not away from me! take her not from me! she is my all—my more than life; kill me, but spare my innocent child!"

The soldier roughly drew her along, but the father would not loose his hold. The blind man sought for his dagger, but could not find it, for it had dropped on the floor; at length, fainting through exertion and loss of blood, he sank down in a state of insensibility. The shrieks of the girl availed her nothing in a district which was given over to pillage and rapine. But Paulina suddenly grew calm; some stern resolve had taken possession of her breast, or she had indeed resigned herself to her fate.

"Soldier!" she exclaimed, "permit me to say one parting word to my father; let me bind up his wound, and I will accompany thee in peace."

The man, who did not relish a continuance of her cries and wild struggles, was induced to comply with her request.

"Then speak to the obstinate old rebel, an' thou wilt, but let thy conference be brief."

Paulina knelt by her father; but the aged man, already broken down by sickness and famine, was evidently dying.

"Paulina! my child, where art thou?" he faintly cried.

"Father, I am with you still!"

"Thank heaven! my beloved one: let me pass my hand over thy face; thou art not weeping, Paulina; then our merciless foes have left us. God preserve thee, and bless thee! My heart seems to freeze; one kiss. Farewell!"

The blind painter of Harlem ceased to breathe.

No tears, indeed, gushed from the maiden's eyes, for the fire in her brain had dried

up the source whence flow those milder tokens of sorrow. The agony in that gentle bosom had reached the point where reason ceases her wonted influence, and frenzy begins. She threw back the masses of golden hair from her forehead; she crept along the floor, and secured the dagger.

The soldiers surveyed her in silent curiosity, and they smiled on each other, imagining that she designed to defend herself.

"The saints protect us! my sweet Amazon; and thou dost mean to do battle against two soldiers of his majesty's guard? ha! ha! but enough!" and the blacker villain of the two drew nearer to her.

"Wretched man!" cried Paulina, with a burst of indignation, her eyes flashing, and the purple veins swelling on her beautiful forehead, "approach me not! ye leave this house to the sorrows of a child over her dead father, or ye bear me away a corpse."

"Then dead or alive, thou shalt be mine!" exclaimed the soldier, springing toward the girl. He paused for one instant ere he grasped her: she looked up into his face with the stern resolve of heroic virtue; even the villain, beneath the flashing of that bright and majestic eye, seemed for a moment to quail. He advanced—he hesitated; again he stretched forward his arms; no, he did not seize her, for ere his defiling touch was on her, she had sheathed the dagger in her own heart!

The young girl's bright blood, welling from a bosom where filial affection and virtue had triumphed over the fear of death, bubbled forth upon the body of her lifeless father; and there, resting on his breast, she lay, beyond the power of the human fiends who scowled near her, her white lids veiling her dimming eyes, her rich cheek gradually turning to alabaster, and her last sigh of purity breathing from lips that soon would be still for ever.

The Spaniards gazed for a few moments on the wreck they had made, and then, with a low laugh, turned away in search of new victims.

Original.

WHAT IS MIGHTIEST?

AN ALLEGORY.

"AND so, the selfish beings think they have a legal right to all that magnificent abode!" said the next in turn. "'T is ridiculous—'t is past endurance!—as though they were above us in the scale of being. I will possess myself of their wealth or their character. Nay, I will despoil them for the mere pleasure of seeing the world on a level, if I raise not myself an iota. Nobody shall look *down* on me, while I have a tongue in my head, and the world has ears to lend. So come along; the castle is ours, or the breath of Envy shall for ever mar the peace of its inmates."

She wound her serpentine way along, and presented her phiz of malignant melancholy before the porter. He turned away with a look of marked disgust. But she was not to be slighted. That little monster of iniquities which "no man can tame," was her weapon, and most unmercifully did she wield it. I heard not, for I willed not to hear, the bitter words she hurled at those she would conquer. But methought I almost saw them, like poisoned arrows, darting back with unerring aim to her own heart. Long and loud was the noise of battle, but she fought it alone. At length, wearied with her own petulance, and vexed that nobody cared for her execrations, she seemed to have discovered that the world could do without her. For a moment she fixed her emerald eye, half malice and half despair, upon the tower that nodded

not as she gazed—then rushing madly to the Ocean, threw herself unceremoniously upon his mercy. He shrank aghast like one fearful of contamination, made one desperate effort to eject his unwelcome trust, but failing in the attempt, consigned her to his lowest depths, and curbed his snowy lip in very disdain.

“O, I’ll charm them to their duty,” said a bright-eyed one in the hostile ranks I’ve won many a strong mind from its purpose, and I’ll win yet many more. The lords of creation worship at my altar, and kings and princes pour out their libations at my feet.” So she gathered up the mantle that hung carelessly over her shoulders and girded herself for the conflict—a conflict, not of swords and spears, not of angry words and deep-laid plots, but a conflict of *fairer* means.

Now, I saw in my dream that she stood before a burnished mirror; and as she beheld the reflection of her own matchless symmetry, a look of triumph beamed from her soft dark eye, and she anticipated the glory of her conquest. As she glided along through the vale, and ascended the steep hill-side, all eyes were immovably fixed upon her. She had the sympathies of the multitude, for Envy’s ghost had not arisen from its watery grave. All was breathless expectation. Can the porter resist the eloquence of her charms? Her soul looks through her countenance, and her mute pleadings are mightier far than words. As she stands in his presence an angel of light were scarcely more attractive. That ruby lip seems made only to smile, that spirit-kindled eye only to conquer. The dancing dimple, and ever-varying blush are rivals upon her fair cheek; the long dark tresses that fall upon her snowy neck give character to her else too delicate person. She must enter. He who can refuse such a plea must be heartless—a *thing*, not a *man*. So the world judges. Let us see what HE will do.

But it is high time this porter should have a name, so we will call him Circumspection. No unworthy being ever entered the gate he keeps. Wealth never bribed him, Beauty never unmanned him, Pleasure never bought his heart away. Strength never conquered him, and Artifice herself never eluded his keen-sighted vigilance. And how think you will he treat the fairy form that sues for entrance now? He looks calmly at that face on which few have looked unmoved. She dreamed not of this, and is ill prepared for such an emergency. She trusted that none could withstand the poetry of her countenance—that to look on her was to feel its captivating power, to yield the citadel of the heart. So she had dreamed; but so did not he. With all the self-possession of a philosopher, he scanned our beauty o’er, nor softened one feature of his face, nor relaxed one nerve of his frame, nor quivered one pulse-beat at his heart.

“And what wants this pretty maiden here?” said he coolly.

“A word with your queen, sir,” was the laconic reply; and the sweet smile that accompanied it, betrayed a set of ivory that vied with the snow-flake in its peerless whiteness.

“What credentials can you present, lady?”

“Credentials? I am my own representative. In the lineaments of my countenance you may trace the characters that gives me a highway to the heart. I am surprised that your discrimination, sir, has not discovered the foundation of my claims to notice. I was made to shine in the world; and what a crowd of admirers I will draw around that lofty fane when I shall be its mistress.”

“Had you not better wait, till you have established your claim to a seat beside her majesty, before you antedate the splendors of your reign. External show can never substitute for worth of character, madam. I hope you are possessed of both, but the latter and not the former must purchase room for you.”

“Farewell, sir. This is my first and last visit to the castle of Wisdom. Never

were my pretensions to royalty so misconstrued before. Never before did I suppose that the grandeur of the cloud-capped Castle existed only in name. Well, I have been deceived; but this is the lot of mortals. The world is waiting for me. The temple of Vanity beckons my approach. There my merits will be appreciated, my superiority acknowledged." She uttered these words with a mock cheerfulness, though disappointment stung her very soul. Her countenance fell—a cloud passed over her that ill befitted such a brow. Beauty cannot brook indifference. My heart sickened as she turned away; she was sadly changed. Sweetness had given place to vexation, and the smile of pleasure to the tear of hope "gone out." But she tripped lightly, as she might, knowing well how to put on her fascinations soon as she should hear the music of her own praise.

"Go, my sister," said she, taking the hand of the first who welcomed her back—"go, try your fortune, if you will; but defeat to you and me is but momentary. There are thousands of victories for us. Our laurels are ever bright, ever new."

Whether this being was indeed less bewitching than her vanquished sister, or whether my spirits partook of the disappointment I had witnessed, she looked far less lovely, though she was a champion in her sphere.

"I will seek a place yonder, not that I am ambitious of such treasures as Wisdom boasts, but that victory here were an unheard-of thing; and that tower subservient to my purpose, would make a fine figure in the world." Standing erect before the gateway, she continued, "I am a general favorite where I am known, and have come to propose myself as a candidate for your patronage. My costume, as you perceive, is elegant"—I could but shake my head, and stare wildly at this assertion; however, I listened—"combining elegance and splendor"—again I shook my head, yet I listened still—"and I doff my plume to every passer-by." This I had no disposition to question. "I am amazingly accommodating; the multitude love me, and well they may, for I prize myself according to the value they set on me, and do always their bidding. I am flattered and caressed by the aristocracy, and venerated by the populace. Some even do me religious homage, and the smoke of innocence ascends in spiral columns above my head, morning, noon and night."

I looked on in utter astonishment; I saw nothing save a distorted figure arrayed in a strangely adjusted garb, that ever and anon changed its form and hue, till one could well nigh apply to her the character painted by the poet:

"To nothing fixed but love of change."

A motley group of ornaments clustered here and there, and a stray feather floated out upon the breeze. A huge piece of gold hung in either ear, and a priceless emerald sparkled upon her finger, another precious stone gleamed upon her head, and yet another jewel hung from her neck. Tassels of silk, and garlands of artificial flowers added to the novelty of her appearance. While I looked she threw on a cloak she had outgrown in the days of her girlhood, and drew her head into her grandmother's hood, to which a long pair of wings had been attached for the occasion. Whether this extra appendage was originally designed with the intent of laying siege to the summit of the castle, or as an "exquisite touch" to the grotesque personage, was a query not to be answered, not to be proposed even. Now in my unimpassioned moments, however, I think they must have been ornaments, for they drooped like the peacock's spirits when he thinks of his deformity, and surely they added greatly to the effect.

I hardly knew whether to laugh or to weep at the compound of incongruities I beheld. There seemed more than the *name* of philosophy in the remark of him who said to his brother philosopher, "The world is ridiculous, and I laugh at it; it is de-

plorable, and thou lamentest over it." The being before me excited mirth, pity, and in some of her wildest freaks, she called forth utter contempt. Circumspection himself could scarcely keep his countenance during her harangue; and as he bade her seek her fortune among congenial elements, he paid the tribute of a smile, a frown, and a tear.

A brilliant figure now advanced—brilliant, not with gold and gems, but with brighter things, that flash upon the vision with dazzling ray, and then leave you to wonder what and whence they are, and whither they have gone.

"May I come and hang my meteor on yonder cloud? I will scatter my jewels up and down the tower till it shall become a light-house for the world."

"The sun shines here," said Frank; "fitful gleams lure but to disappoint. He needs no aid, and your lights are but shadows in his presence."

"The Genius of Wit thrown into the shade! Never, never, till yonder night-lamp shall eclipse the king of day;" and he vanished out of sight.

Next came an old man and his son. They are seldom separated, for the life of each depends on the presence of the other; and never did harder affection exist between parent and child. The elder leaned on the arm of his son for support, carrying at the same time a heavy burden in the other hand. He tottered feebly along. His load was evidently oppressive; still he clung to it with a tenacity that bespoke it his all, insomuch that I was impatient to be introduced to the contents of the spacious bag. Having been taught to respect the aged, I was prepared to look on with almost profound veneration. Being interested in his welfare, I hoped to learn something of his history. There were deep furrows in his cheek, and an expression of sadness on his care-worn brow. His garments were princely coverings once, but they were threadbare now. Methought there were in his sunken eye lingerings of a fire that had shone brightly in days gone by.

The younger was a long, meagre-looking fellow, not many years the junior of his father; and were it not that his genealogy could be traced nowhere else, he might have been thought a twin brother of Wealth. He seemed the very picture of starvation—half-clad in the cheapest material his country afforded. A strange unearthly expression lay hid in his dark, *dark* eye, that startled while it penetrated. "By fits 't was sad, by starts was wild." His being was a mysticism—the foundation of his character, selfishness. His talon-like fingers asked to grasp the universe. The language of his demeanor was, "Beware, or I'll catch you." The old man spoke first.

"I wish to buy myself a portion here, and make an investment that shall promote my interest, while it enriches you. See, here is a bag of gold, the earnings of my life-time; and this my son has labored in my estate with all the ardor of filial affection, till he has become, as it were, a part of my very existence. I am an old man, and would fain die rich in wisdom as well as rich in gold."

"Wisdom bestows her wealth 'without money and without price,' and 'whosoever will' may be a sharer of her bounty; but he must be content to use the good things of this world as not abusing them. That son of yours is a foe to the race we love, and would coin the life-blood of humanity into dollars and cents for his poor old father to tug with him to his grave."

Now I observed that Avarice was about to speak, but such personalities somewhat disconcerted him. His fierce dark eye grew fiercer and darker, glared wildly and flashed fearfully. Extending his fleshless arms to their utmost stretch, he clenched his bony fingers around the castle bars, essaying to bear them off as booty. But their fastenings were made by one stronger than he; and one look from the porter told him he had better let them be. He turned on his heel; but it was a grudging adieu he bade to the regions of plenty. With a sorry submission his father followed; and in a

few moments they were seen stripping the garments from a poor orphan they chanced to meet, and selling her reputation to add to that abundance which dragged them already to the earth.

Sick at heart, I was about to turn from the vision, when a smiling creature approached.

"My home has been in yonder garden of fruits and flowers," said she, by way of introduction; "I have roamed over hill-top and valley, and tasted all the sweets that mortals love, and am come at length to spend a few days at the cloud-capped Castle. I am gay as the morning, and you shall all be happy while I remain with you. Your queen shall renew her youth, and I will sport in thoughtless discontent among her votaries. I am sought by the multitude, and idolized by those who overtake me; for you must know I am fleet of foot, and light of heart. How I will dance on the pinnacle of the temple, and bathe my ethereal form in the balmy clouds, its everlasting crown. Yea; I will shower down delights from my aerial home; they shall fall like refreshing dew-drops upon the leaves of the forest flower."

"And when we would enjoy them, they will flee like those very dew-drops before the sun," said her auditor. "We need no such joys, Dame Pleasure, and our atmosphere would poison a fairy like yourself. Our queen's message to you is, 'She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.'"

I looked again, and a taller form, and of graver aspect, came to present his claim. On his left arm leaned his beautiful bride, and his right hand wielded a shining weapon. He wore a crown of bright, green laurel, interwoven with flowers, the workmanship of the delicate fingers that hung upon his arm. They were high-born souls and happily united. She smiled proudly, and he made a dignified bow, thus accosting Circumspection:

"We have come to take up a permanent residence here, and write our name in imperishable letters on the summit of your abode. My sword is my wealth, my bride is my glory. Valor and Fame may claim the right of kindred to this people."

"Come ye to do battle among your kinsmen? Peace is our shield—kindness our weapon. As for those that smite with the sword, they shall perish with the sword."

"Hold! dare you insinuate aught against me? I will cause you to repent your rashness. This sword is accustomed to deeds of noble daring. In the name of honor I demand satisfaction for that speech. You shall pay dearly for your impudence;" and he grasped the jewelled hilt, and brandished the glittering implement of death high in the air.

"I court not your favor, I dread not your frown, I fear not your sword. My conscience is my armor, and Wisdom is the defence of all her children."

"Cling to her then, vile slave!" interrupted he, angrily. "We will go to our own home to sit on 'no precarious throne.'"

Next came one with the majestic bearing of those "born to rule." He spoke not as he drew near, but his manner betrayed designs of hostility. One would think him constantly revolving that maxim of his own, "Might makes right," so independently did he carry himself. His step was not light and quick, but superlatively firm and steady. He was tall and well set—the very picture of health and content. His broad, high features seemed indexes to a volume of *great* doings. Sometimes his manly brow almost frowned—then he essayed to smile; but those well-braced nerves could only half do so slight an office—it appeared a smile of conscious superiority. He shook his heavy locks, and all except Wisdom's family were terrified. I thought of him of old who bore off the gates of a city upon his shoulders, and dreamed that a second Sampson had arisen to storm the castle and lift single-handed and alone pillars that had stood the test of ages. But he too had his Delilah; for when he thought

himself unbolting the gate, his hand slipped off, and the violence of his own movements sent him—I know not whither. After having recovered somewhat from the shock produced by this rash act, my eyes were again bent on the hapless pilgrims. The curiosity that scrutinized their efforts, and thus far their defeats, was not altogether an idle, speculating curiosity; my own hopes were inwrought deeply with the result.

To be continued.

Original.

R A N D O M S K E T C H E S .

PLINY.

EVERY pursuit has had its martyrs—men who have paid the highest forfeit in the power of man to gratify their zeal and devotion to a favorite idol. The illustrious personage, whose name is at the head of this article, is an example.

He happened to be at Misenum, when Mount Vesuvius was belching forth the fiery contents of his mysterious crater. Anxious to investigate this interesting phenomenon, the incautious philosopher ascended the mountain. The burning lava pouring forth, like a river of fire, overtook him in the midst of his contemplations, and thus did the learned, industrious and erudite Pliny meet his untimely end.

PEPIN LE BREF.

Pepin, the father of the Great Charlemagne, was of exceedingly small stature, his height being only four feet and a half. Some of his courtiers ridiculed their dwarfish king. Happening to learn their jestings, he invited them to attend a spectacle wherein a fierce lion and a gigantic bull were to fight. The lion leaped on his horned adversary. The king looking round among his followers, asked, “Is there any among you who has sufficient resolution to oblige the lion to let go his hold?”

The astonished courtiers were dumb at such a strange question. “Mine then shall be the task,” said Pepin, in a voice of thunder; and leaping into the amphitheatre, he severed the head of the lion from his body at a blow—thus proving himself stout of soul and strong of arm though of contemptible stature.

MOHAMMED.

The last words of this great impostor were, “O God!—pardon my sins.—Yes,—I come—among my fellow-citizens on high.”

LOUIS THE MILD.

This monarch had an ungrateful child. When on his death-bed, the ministers of religion suggested to the dying monarch the duty of forgiveness. The broken-spirited king shook his hoary locks, and pointing to them, replied, with deep emotion, “I pardon him; but you may tell him, that it is he who has brought down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

With one hundred and fifty ships of war, twenty-seven thousand men and three thousand cannon the Spanish nation intended the invasion and conquest of England during the reign of the maiden queen Elizabeth. All Europe waited in breathless expectation to see the result: and what was it?

One hundred and eight ships, small in size, but commanded by the three heroes, Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher met the fleet, so vauntingly styled *invincible*, at the mouth of the British channel; and after a brief conflict, succeeded by a pitiless and fearful storm, fifty shattered ships and six thousand men reached the coast of Spain!

THE EDEN OF LOVE.

1. How sweet to re-flect on the joys that a - wait us, In

2. While le-gions an - gel - ic, with harps tuned celestial, Har-

yon blissful region, the haven of rest! Where glorified spirits with

moniously join in the Concert of praise, The saints, as they come from the

welcome shall greet us, And lead us to mansions prepared for the blest! En-

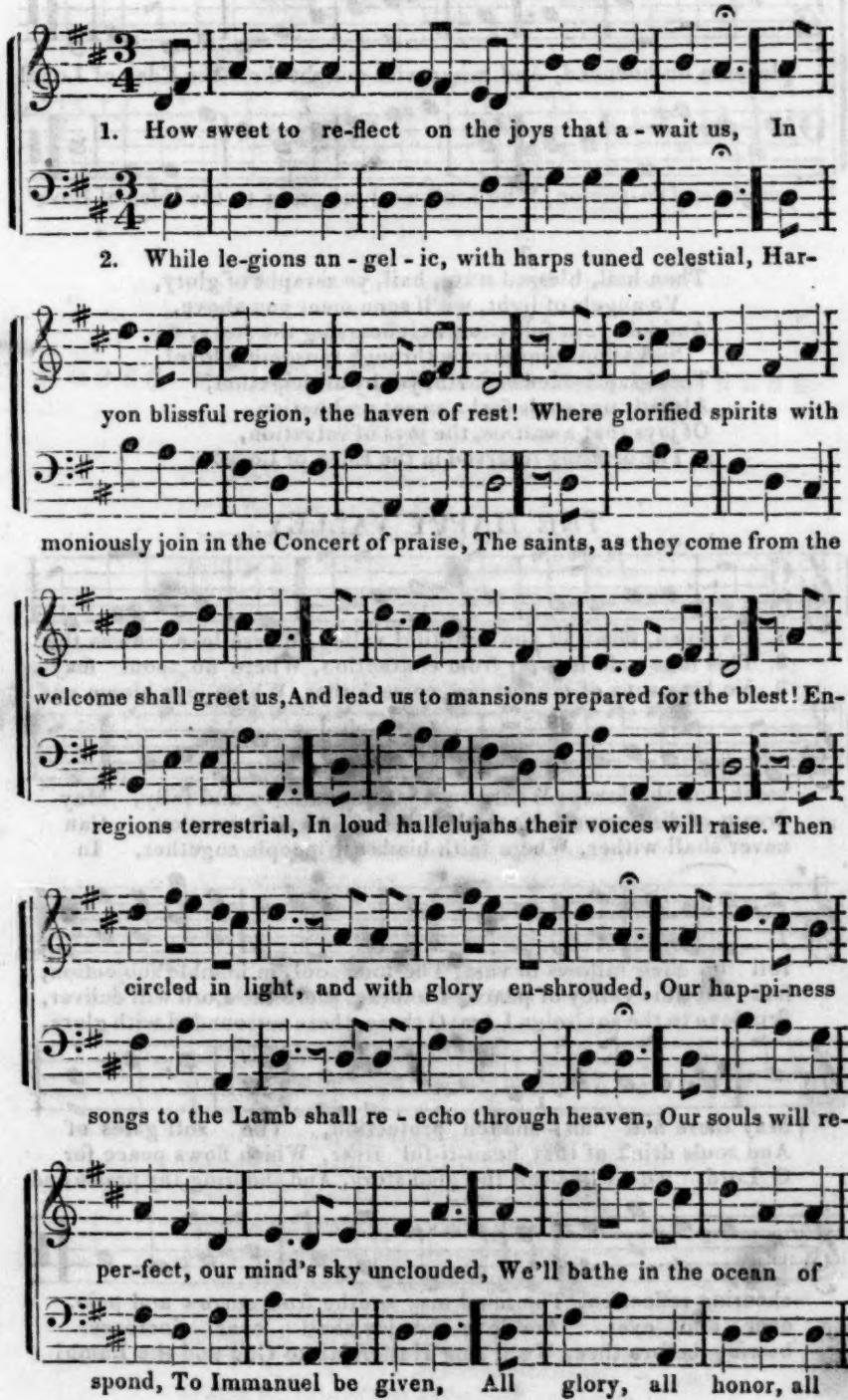
regions terrestrial, In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise. Then

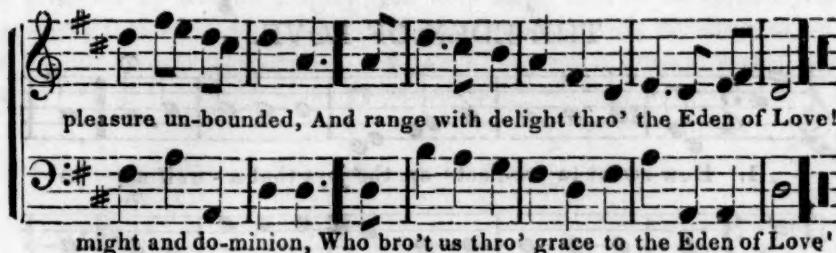
circled in light, and with glory en-shrouded, Our hap-pi-ness

songs to the Lamb shall re - echo through heaven, Our souls will re-

per-fect, our mind's sky unclouded, We'll bathe in the ocean of

spond, To Immanuel be given, All glory, all honor, all





3

Then hail, blessed state, hail, ye seraphs of glory,
Ye angels of light, we'll soon meet you above,
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
Salvation from sorrow through ransoming love!
Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
Already our souls feel a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await us, the joys of salvation,
The blessing reserved in the Eden of Love!

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

